# A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, April 29. 1710.

I Suppose, every Body, that knows any Thing of the Author of this Paper, knows, that when he having some Years ago travel'd a long Journey, and was carry'd up into the Lunar World in a well known Engine, contriv'd for Elevations by our Famous *High Church* Men, and which was call'd a *Consolidator*; at his Return he gave the World some Account of his curious Observations—But one Story he never yet told, and which seems reserv'd to the present Occasion.

Be it known to you all then, That the last time I happen'd to be travelling to the World in the Moon, as I was passing thro' a great City about my lawful Occasion:—*What my Business was there, is nothing to any Body:* But I found the People in a great Hurry, dragging a poor *Taylor* away to one of their Courts of Justice——*Lord have Mercy upon the poor Man thought I*, what will become of him? For he look'd to me just as an *English Presbyterian* would do, if he were got into the Hands of the *High-Church* Rabble; (*viz.*) Like a Man that expected to be murther'd by them.

Being mightily concern'd, you may be sure, to see the poor Man us'd thus, *I enquir'd who he was*, and what was the Crime for which he was thus treated—— I met with many Relations differing from one another about him, *for the People there tell the same Story a great many ways*, just as they do here, *as the Humour takes them*; but not to

to trouble you with the ſeveral Relations of the Thing, the Subſtance of the Man's Caſe, it ſeems, was thus.

The Man, *as I told you*, was a *Taylor* by his Trade—— Now you are to underſtand, that tho' I did not find there was any of that fooliſh uſeleſs Sort of People call'd *Poets* there, yet they have *their Way* of ſatyrizing and ridiculing the Follies and Vices of the Place, as well as in other Countries; and it ſeems the *Taylors* are the *Satyrs*—— For when any Man, or Body of Men have play'd the *Fool*, or the *Knave*, or the *Coward*, or a *Drunkard*, or any vicious Prank—He that has a Mind to lampoon him, goes to a *Taylor*, and gets *ſuch a Coat made*, as ſuch People are generally condemn'd to wear upon publick Days, who upon Trial are found Guilty of ſuch or ſuch reſpective Crimes: This Coat is carry'd about the Street, and hang'd up, or ſhew'd particularly at or near the Houſe of the Perſon, and is eaſily known by the Dimenſions and Figures made upon it, who it belongs to—— And it is call'd in their Language a *Thocaſterrata*, in *Engliſh*, *a Repreſenter*, or a Character-Coat.

But you muſt remember too, that there are ſtrict Laws any *Taylor* making theſe Coats for Perſons innocent of the Follies deſcrib'd; and when any trangreſs that way, they are ſeverely puniſh'd, eſpecially when they make a Coat for a Man, and upon trying it on, it does not fit him.

On the other hand, often times it happens, that when a Man makes a *Character-Coat* for one Man, it fits another, and ſometimes a great many.

This is owing partly to the Ignorance of the *Taylor*, who does not take his Meaſure right—— And partly by Fools and Knaves, being *in that Country* very often *much like* one another; but more eſpecially by the Ridiculous Folly of ſome Men, who when they ſee a Coat made, tho' it be the moſt ridiculing and moſt expoſing thing in the World, they cannot forbear, but they will be *always Trying it on*, and endeavouring to make it fit themſelves, whether it will or no—— Nay they will ſtretch the Coat out of all manner of Shape, to ſee if they can make it fit them, quite contrary to the *Taylor*'s Deſign; as if knowing themſelves to be Fools, they were deſirous all the World, ſhould know it too.

This is a great piece of Injuſtice to the *Taylor*, tho' perhaps it may be none to themſelves; for I cannot believe, *but every Man IS juſt AS much a Knave as he would have the World believe him to be.*

Juſt thus it fared ſome Years ago, with the Author of the Paper called the *Review*, in the World *on this ſide the Moon*—— When he happened in a Paper to be Painting out the Character of a State Mountebank, a City Hero, a Coward to his Cauſe, a Fool, a Knave, and a Deſerter of his Friends.

One ſaid, d....m the Dog, *that's at me*; another, *that's at me*; and the like; nay, that would not ſerve them—— But they muſt bring in their Friends too, *who does he mean by that?* And *who does he mean by this?* —— That ſuch a Lord that blue Liſt Man, is my L—— and his Garter; That Deſerter of his Friend, or that empty Headed Magiſtrate, is the L—d M——r; That Litigious Impertinent is Mr. *Hill*—*d*; That *High-Church* Buffoon, is Par—n *Hig*——*s*; and the like; when far was it from the Thoughts of the poor Author, to do any of theſe Gentlemen ſo much Honour.

In like manner exactly it happened in the *Moon*; *the Story is this.*

There had been ſome very ſcandalous Fellow had done ſome ridiculous Thing, for which he deſerv'd to be expos'd, and ſome People beſpoke this *Taylor* to make a *Coat* for him— The *Coat* was wonderfully made indeed, every Side of it was ſingular; as you turn'd it *this way*, it look'd one thing, *that way* another; to one Eye-ſight it repreſented *one thing*, to another *quite contrary*; and all agreed, that never ſuch a *Coat* was made before: If you turn'd it this way it was *a Fool's Coat*, that way 'twas *a Knave's Coat*; on one ſide it repreſented a Lord Biſhop, on the other ſide a Lord Duke; on another a Lord-M——r, on another a Clergy-man, on another a Thief; worn this way, it made a Man a State-man;

man; that way a Mountebank; this way a General, that way a Coward; a ſtrange Coat it was indeed, *as ever I ſaw in my Life.*

The Man that beſpoke it, no ſooner carry'd it about Streets, *as was uſual in ſuch Caſes*, but it rais'd a terrible Combuſtion in the Town; the People began to ſtare at one another, as if they were frighted—— The Firſt that broke Silence was a huge tall Man, by his Appearance a Man of Grandeur, for he had a blue Liſt upon his Coat, which in that Country none but a Few of the prime Nobillity are permitted to wear———— *What Dog's that?* Says he—*A Villain—A Rogue—Why that Coat's made for me*; and up he runs to the poor Man, and began to bluſter. *Pray, my Lord, Good my Lord*, ſays the Man, *it is not made for your Highneſs*, it was made for my Neighbour *Such-a one*———— You lie you Villain, *ſays my Lord*, it was made for me, and I'll have you hang'd, *if there were no more Taylors in all the Moon—Indeed my Lord*, ſays the Man again, *it could not be made for you, for it will not fit your Lordſhip*—— *I'll try that*, ſays his Lordſhip, *you Dog, and if it does, I'll have you hang'd immediately.* Upon which my Lord put the Coat on—But the poor Man was confounded, when he ſaw, that with but the leaſt Stretching it *fitted his Lordſhip* to a Hair—and he expected Nothing but Death—— My Lord went away raging, in order to ſend the Criminal Officers to take up the Man——But he might have ſav'd himſelf the Labour, for the Coat was not carry'd much farther, but one cry'd, *that Dog has made this Coat for me*; another ſaid, *no 'tis for me*, and almoſt every Body that ſaw it, challeng'd the Coat: *At laſt*, the Chief Magiſtrate of the Town happen'd to come along, and he fell in a Rage, and cry'd out with an Oath, *the Coat was for him*: Whereupon he immediately ſeiz'd it, and carry'd it into a great Aſſembly of that City, which was then ſitting, *to complain of the Affront.* This Aſſembly is call'd in their Language the *Momonciculoc*: I will not pretend to Knowledge enough in the Lunar Language to tranſlate it—— Some think, it may reſemble a *Common Council*—Here he began to complain of the Affront, when of a ſuddain a great Combuſtion roſe among them *in the Hall of the Aſſembly*; One ſaid *the Coat is made for me*, another ſaid *it is for me*, and *to be ſhort with my Story*, no leſs than 114 of them challeng'd the poor Man for bringing this Coat out to expoſe them in particular.

The Man was in great Diſtreſs, and had no Way at laſt to bring himſelf out of this Broil, but by telling them the Name of the *Taylor*, who made the Coat—— Which having done, he made his Eſcape, and the poor *Taylor* was ſent for.

The *Taylor* was a bold Fellow, and fear'd no Colours——and immediately went to them upon the firſt Summons—And being brought before them, they examin'd him very ſtrictly—And as near as I can remember, the Examination was as follows; he is brought into a large Cloſet, where they uſually examine Witneſſes, and the Coat being ſhew'd him, the *Clerk* appointed to examine him began the following Dialogue.

*Clerk.* Did you make this Coat, Sir?

*Taylor*, Yes, I did.

*C.* Did you make it for a *Repreſenter*, or Character-Coat?

*T. Yes* Sir.

*C.* Who was it to Repreſent?

*T.* It was made to repreſent him that it repreſents, Sir.

*C.* But who is that, Sir?

*T.* Why I tell you, Sir, *Says the Taylor Briskly, him that it repreſents.*

*C.* Well, but here are a great many Gentlemen who ſay it repreſents them.

*T.* What all of them?

*C.* Yes, all of them.

*T.* It's ſtrange, Men ſhould be all K—s of like Dimenſions.

*C.* But how ſay you, *was it made to repreſent them?*

*T.* If *It* repreſents them, *it muſt be made* to repreſent them.

*C.* But did you deſign to repreſent them?

*T.* What do yo tell me of Deſigns, my Deſign was to make the *Coat.*

*C.* But here is my Lord A——, he ſays, the Coat repreſents him——

*T.* Has he try'd it on, and *does it fit him?*

*C.* Exactly.

*T.* 'Tis

*T.* 'Tis impoſſible— Pray look on the Coat; the Coat is a *Fools Coat*, and his Lordſhip is too much ſomething elſe to be a F—l.

*C.* But then it fits my L—— B——

*F.* That can't be neither; for turn it, and you'll ſee 'tis a *Knaves Coat*, and every Body knows my L—— cannot be a Knave, it is not in his Head.

*C.* But it may fit my Lord *C*———.

*T.* No it can't neither; for *turn is again*, and then 'tis a *States-man's Coat*, and it is well known, my Lord is no more a States-man than he is a Conjurer.

*C.* Well, but *they may think it fits them.*

*T.* Their own Guilt may do much, but 'tis not good Manners in me to think ſo.

*C.* Well, but what ſay you to the reſt of the Gentlemen that challenge it? Pray, give them Satisfaction.

*T.* Why truly, as to 114 Gentlemen belonging to the Great Hall, if it fits them all I cannot help it, they may take it among them, and then every one will have his Share———'Tis a ſtrange thing, a Man cannot dreſs up a Monkey, but every Man calls him Couſin.

And with this he threw the *Coat* down in the Middle of the Hall.

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Printed for the Author; and ſold by *John Baker*, at the *Black Boy* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*. 1710.